

Lonesome Day Blues, February 1, 2002, Sunrise, Fla.

Start with the stuff we got will bust your brains out

familiar themes

Accordion on Red River? Dickenson or Augie?

Up against line in Can't Wait.

Can't Wait: I've been living on lame excuses.

Dreaming of You: Softest touch, also in Standing in the doorway as well as Maybe They'll Get Me. Even if the flesh falls off my face. Sort of Highlands like but lines ended up in Standing In The Doorway. For years they had me locked in a cage/Then they threw me onto the stage.

Marching To The City: Ain't Lookin' For Nothin' (Not Dark Yet) and Hit Too Hard, seen too much from Til I Fell In Love With You and Boys in the street beginning to play
Girls like birds flying away (Til I fell)

Then gay paris and follow the river (not dark yet)

and When I'm gone you remember my name (Til I Fell)

The dream dried up a long time ago,
I don't know where it is anymore (red river)

"Well I'm wearing a cloak of misery"
trapped in the bayous of time

The sun went down long on me a long time ago

I was hoping we could drink from life's clear streams
I was hoping we could live from life's pleasant scenes

Marching to the City: it's like this song is a scatch pad and it turned into several others

Bonaroo musicians: Bob Dylan - piano, harp
Larry Campbell - guitar, slide guitar, cittern, pedal steel, fiddle
[Stu Kimball](#) - guitar

Tony Garnier - bass
George Recile - drums

Can't Wait:

you ever feel like your brains bolted to the wall, like your drowning in
your thoughtlessness and cut off from it all

my back is to the sun cause the light is too intense, i can see what
everybody in the world is up against

3rd Mississippi: i'm standing in the shadows with an aching heart,
looking at the world tearing itself apart

Winter goes to the summer, summer goes to the fall, I look into the
mirror, don't see anything at all

Ain't Talkin' change:

I got no time for idle conversation/I need to find a doctor in this town

Ain't talkin', just walkin' all rails leadin' to the west
Heart burnin', still yearnin'
Gonna throw myself upon your lovin' breast

It's the first new day of a grand and a glorious autumn
The queen of love is comin' across the grass
None dare call her anything but madam
No one flirts with her or even makes a pass

Ain't talkin', just walkin', stand outside the gates of wrath
Hear burnin' still yearnin'
Take a little trip down the primrose path

I got the worst feelin' and it's gettin' stronger
I'm worn out with public service, I'm beginnin' to crash
I won't stay on any longer
I'll avenge my father's death and I'll step back

Ain't talkin', just walkin'
Hand me down my walkin' cane
Heart burnin' still yearnin'
Tryin' to get you out of my miserable brain

As I walked out tonight in the mystic garden
The wounded flowers were dangling from the vines
I was passing by yon cool and crystal fountain

Someone hit me from behind

Ain't talkin', just walkin'
You ride 'em high and down you go
Heart burnin', still yearnin'
No one on earth could ever know

Lonesome Day huck finn

[15:32] adam1117: Â Miss Watson she kept pecking at me, and it got tiresome and lonesome. By and by they fetched the niggers in and had prayers, and then everybody was off to bed. I went up to my room with a piece of candle, and put it on the table. Then I set down in a chair by the window and tried to think of something cheerful, but it warn't no use. I felt so lonesome I most wished I was dead. The stars were shining, and the leaves rustled in the woods ever so mournful; and I heard an owl, away off, who-whooping about somebody that was dead, and a whippowill and a dog crying about somebody that was going to die; and the wind was trying to whisper something to me, and I couldn't make out what it was, and so it made the cold shivers run over me. Then away out in the woods I heard that kind of a sound that a ghost makes when it wants to tell about something that's on its mind and can't make itself understood, and so can't rest easy in its grave, and has

"Many of my records are more or less blueprints for the songs. This time, I didn't want blueprints, I wanted the real thing. When the songs are done right they're done right, and that's it. They're written in stone when they're done right."

Dylan on Mississippi:

According to Dylan, "If you had heard the original recording [of "Mississippi"], you'd see in a second" why it was omitted and recut for *Love and Theft*. "The song was pretty much laid out intact melodically, lyrically and structurally, but Lanois didn't see it. Thought it was pedestrian. Took it down the Afro-polyrhythm route - multirhythm drumming, that sort of thing. Polyrhythm has its place, but it doesn't work for knifelike lyrics trying to convey majesty and heroism.

"Maybe we had worked too hard on other things, I can't remember," Dylan continues, "but Lanois can get passionate about what he feels to be true. He's not above smashing guitars. I never cared about that unless it was one of mine. Things got contentious once in the parking lot. He tried to convince me that the song had to be 'sexy, sexy and more sexy.' I know about sexy, too. He reminded me of Sam Phillips,

who had once said the same thing to John Prine about a song, but the circumstances were not similar. I tried to explain that the song had more to do with the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights than witch doctors, and just couldn't be thought of as some kind of ideological voodoo thing. But he had his own way of looking at things, and in the end I had to reject this because I thought too highly of the expressive meaning behind the lyrics to bury them in some steamy cauldron of drum theory. On the performance you're hearing, the bass is playing a triplet beat, and that adds up to all the multirhythm you need, even in a slow-tempo song. I think Lanois is an excellent producer, though."

he chorus of the Dylan song "Mississippi" from Love & Theft is taken directly from a Mississippi prison song collected by Alan Lomax at the Parchman State Penitentiary in Mississippi.

"It ain't but the one thing I done wrong,
I stayed in Miss'ippi just a day too long."

(The Land Where The Blues Began, by Alan Lomax, ch. 6, p. 256)

I've got 'Rosie' sung by a chain gang at Parchman, collected by Lomax Jnr

Any use?

Mississippi from Artur's site:

- lines 19-20 and the refrain line come from a traditional folk song called "[Rosie](#)". (thanks to Ze39steps, Old Jim C and David P)
- lines 33, 36, 41 may have been influenced by the Odyssey (the beginning of the NAUSICAA episode). (thanks to Christopher T)
- line 38: a possible reference to "You Got To Move" by Mississippi Fred McDowell (thanks to Sean W)

Lonesome Day Blues:

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Most of the time lyric change

I've got enough faith and I've got enough strength
I keep it all away beyond arm's length

Dignity change:
Stranger stares down into the light
From a platinum window in the Mexican light
Searching every bloodsucking thing in sight
For dignity

Someday:

You made me eat a ton of dust
You're potentially dangerous, not worthy of trust

Little by little, but by bit
Everyday I'm a xxxx of a hypocrite

You say you need me, how would I know
You say you love me, but it can't be so

Cocaine: dec 1997. el rey California 16 December 1997

Marching To the City:

she looked at me with an irresistible glance/with a smile that could
make all the planets dance